

# The CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love

By Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX

AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSED BOOK," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

COPYRIGHT BY THE SMART-SET PUBLISHING CO.

## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"In sheer desperation I went to the ministry of the interior and sought an interview with the baron, who, when I told him of the disaster, appeared greatly concerned, and went at once to the police department to make inquiry. Next day, however, he came to me with the news that the charge against my mother had been proved by a statement of the woman Shipoff herself, and that she had already started on her long journey to Siberia—she had been exiled to one of those dreaded Arctic settlements beyond Yakutsk, a place where it is almost eternal winter, and where the conditions of life are such that half the convicts are insane. The baron, however, declared that, as my father's friend, it was his duty to act as guarantor to me, and that as my father had been English I ought to be put to an English school. Therefore, with his self-assumed title of uncle, he took me to Chichester. For years I remained there, until one day he came suddenly and fetched me away, taking me over to Helsingfors—for the czar had now appointed him governor-general to Finland. There, for the first time, he introduced me to his son Michael, a pimply-faced lieutenant of cavalry, and said in a most decisive manner that I must marry him. I naturally refused to marry a man of whom I knew so little, whereupon, finding me obdurate, he quickly altered his tactics and became kinder than himself, saying that as I was young he would allow me a year in which to make up my mind.

"A week later, while living in the palace at Helsingfors, I overheard a conversation between the governor-general and his son, which revealed to me a staggering truth that I had never suspected. It was Oberg himself who had denounced my mother to the minister of the interior, and had made those cruel, baseless charges against her! Then I discerned the reason. She being exiled, her fortune, as well as that of my father, came to me. The reason they were scheming for Michael to marry me was in order to obtain control of my money, and then, after the necessary legal formalities, I should, on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy, share the same fate as my mother had done."

"The infernal sound!" I ejaculated, when I read her words while from Jack, who had been looking over my shoulder, escaped a fierce and forcible word of vengeance.

"The baron took me with him to Petersburg when he went on official business, and we remained there nearly a month," the narrative went on. "While there I received a secret message from 'The Red Priest,' the unseen and unknown power of nihilism, who has for so many years baffled the police. I went to see him, and he revealed to me how Oberg had contrived to have my mother banished upon a false charge. He warned me against the man who had pretended to be my father's friend, and also told me that he had known my father intimately, and that if I got into any further difficulty I was to communicate with him and he would assist me. Oberg took me back to Helsingfors a few months later, and in summer we went to England. He was a marvelously clever diplomatist. His tactics he could change at will. When I was at school he was rough and brutal in his manner towards me, as he was to all; but now he seemed to be endeavoring to inspire my confidence by treating me with kindly regard and pleasant affability.

"In London, at Claridge's, we met my old schoolfellow Muriel and her father—a friend of Oberg's—and in response to their invitation went on a cruise on their yacht, the Iris, from Southampton. Our party was a very pleasant one, and included Woodroffe and Chater, while our cruise across the Bay of Biscay and along the Portuguese coast proved most delightful. One night, while we were lying outside Lisbon, Woodroffe and Chater, together with Olinde, went ashore, and when they returned in the early hours of the morning they awoke me by crossing the deck above my head. Then I heard someone outside my cabin door working as though with a screwdriver, unscrewing a screw from the woodwork. This aroused my interest, and next day I made a minute examination of the paneling, where, in one part, I found two small brass screws that had evidently been recently removed. Therefore I succeeded in get-

ting hold of a screwdriver from the carpenter's shop, and next night, when everyone was asleep, I crept out and unscrewed the panel, when to my surprise I saw that the secret cavity behind was filled with beautiful jewelry, diamond collars, tiaras, necklaces, fine pearls, emeralds and turquoises, all thrown in indiscriminately.

"I replaced the panel and kept careful watch. At Marseilles, where we called, more jewelry and a heavy bagful of plate was brought aboard and secreted behind another panel. Then I knew that the men were thieves.

"Well, one hot summer's night we were lying off Naples, and as it was a grand festa ashore and there was to be a gala performance at the theater, Leithcourt took a box and the whole party were rowed ashore. The crew were also given shore-leave for the evening, but as the great heat had upset me I declined to accompany the theater party and remained on board with one sailor named Wilson to constitute the watch. We had anchored about half a mile from land, and earlier in the evening the baron had gone ashore to send telegrams to Russia and had not returned.

"About ten o'clock I went below to try and sleep, but I had a slight attack of fever, and was unable. Therefore I redressed and sat with the light still out, gazing across the starlit bay. Presently from my port-hole I saw a shoreboat approaching, and recognized it in the baron with a well-dressed stranger. They both came on board, and the boatman, having been paid, pulled back to the shore. Then the baron and his friend—a dark, middle-aged, full-bearded man, evidently a person of refinement—went below to the saloon, and after a few moments called to the man Wilson who was on watch, and gave him a glass of whisky and water, which he took up on deck to drink at his leisure.

"The unusual character of my fellow-guests on board that craft was such that my suspicion was constantly on the alert, therefore curiosity tempted me to creep along and peep in at the crack of the door standing ajar. A closer view revealed the fact that the stranger was a high Russian official to whom I had once been introduced at the government palace at Helsingfors, the Privy Councillor and Senator Paul Polovostoff. They were smoking together, and were discussing in Russian the means by which he, Polovostoff, had arranged to obtain plans of some new British fortifications at Gibraltar. From what he said, it seemed that some Russian woman, married to an Englishman, a captain in the garrison, had been impressed into the secret service against her will, but that she had, in order to save herself, promised to obtain the photographs and plans that were required. I heard the Englishman's name, and I resolved to take some steps to inform him in secret of the intentions of the Russian agent.

"Presently the two men took fresh cigars, ascended on deck, and cast themselves in the long cane chairs amidships. Still all curiosity to hear further details on the ingenious piece of espionage against my own nation, I took off my shoes and crept up to a spot where I could crouch concealed and overhear their conversation, for the Italian night was calm and still. They talked mainly about affairs in Finland, and with some of Oberg's expressions of opinion Polovostoff ventured to differ. Suddenly, while the privy councillor lay back in his chair pulling thoughtfully at his cigar, there was a bright, blood-red flash, a dull report, and a man's short, agonized cry. Startled, I leaned around the corner of the deckhouse, when, to my abject horror, I saw under the electric rays the czar's privy councillor lying sideways in his chair with part of his face blown away. Then the hideous truth in an instant became apparent. The cigar which Oberg had pressed upon him down in the saloon had exploded, and the small missile concealed inside the diabolical contrivance had passed upwards into his brain. For a moment I stood utterly stupefied, yet as I looked I saw the baron, in a paroxysm of rage, shake his fist in the dead man's face and cry with a fearful imprecation: 'You hound! You have plotted to replace me in the czar's favor. You intended to become governor-general of Finland! You knew certain facts which I intended to put before his majesty, knowing that the revelations would result in my disgrace and

downfall. But, you infernal cur, you did not know that those who attempt to thwart Xavier Oberg either die by accident or go for life to Kalana or the mines!' And he spurned the body with his foot and laughed to himself as he gloated over his dastardly crime.

"I watched his rage, unable to utter a single word. I saw him, after he had searched the dead man's pockets, raise the inert body with its awful featureless face and drag it to the bulwarks. Then I rushed forward and faced him.

"In an instant he sprang at me, and I screamed. But no aid came. The man Wilson was sleeping soundly in the bows, for the whisky he had given him had been doctored," went on the narrative. "Upon his face was a fierce, murderous look such as I had never seen before. 'You!' he screamed, his dark eyes starting from their sockets as he realized that I had been a witness of his cowardly crime. 'You have spied upon me, girl!' he hissed, 'and you shall die also!' I sank upon my knees imploring him to spare me, but he only laughed at my entreaty. 'See!' he cried, 'you saw how he enjoyed his cigar, you may as well see this!' And with an effort he raised the dead body in his arms, poised it for a moment on the vessel's side, and then, with a hoarse laugh of triumph, heaved it into the sea. There was a splash, and then we were alone. 'And you!' he cried in a fierce voice—'you who have spied upon me—you will follow! The water there will close your chatter mouth!' I shrieked, begged, and implored, but his trembling hands were upon my throat. First he dragged me to my feet, then he threw me upon my knees, and at last, with that grim brutality which characterizes him, he directed me to go and get a mop and bucket from the forecabin and remove the dark red stains from the chair and deck. This he actually forced me to do, gloating over my horror as I removed for him the traces of his cowardly crime. Then, with his hand upon my shoulder, he said: 'Girl! Recollect that you keep tonight's work secret. If not, you shall

die a death more painful than that dog has died—one in which you shall experience all the tortures of the damned. Recollect, not a single word—or deed! Now, go to your cabin, and never pry into my affairs again."

"A great sensation was caused when the body was discovered. The squadron was lying off Naples about a week after the Iris had left, and while we were there the body was washed up near Sorrento. At first but little notice was taken of it, but by the marks on the dead man's linen it was discovered that he was Polovostoff, one of the highest Russian officials, who had, it was said, been warned on several occasions by the nihilists. It was, therefore, concluded that his death had been due to nihilist vengeance.

"The real reason why the baron spared my life was because, if I died, my fortune would pass to a distant cousin living at Durham. Yet his manner towards me was now most polite and pleasant—a change that I felt boded no good. He intended to obtain my money by marrying me to his son Michael, whose evil reputation as a gambler was well known in Petersburg. We traveled back to Finland in the autumn, and in the winter he took me to stay with his sister in Nice. Yet almost daily he referred to that tragedy at Naples, and threatened me with death if ever I uttered a single word, or even admitted that I had ever seen the man who was his rival and his victim."

"I will not go down into the cellar." "But why?" asked her friend. "Because," she replied, "I am afraid of spiders."

**Churchgoing Colliers.**  
The article in a recent number of the Companion about the shepherd dogs that accompany their masters to church in some parts of Scotland has reminded a contributor of another collier story.

In a district of Sutherland, where the population is very scanty, the congregations are often made up of one-half of dogs, each human worshiper having his canine companion. These dogs sit out the Gaelic services with commendable patience until toward the end of the last psalm, when there is a universal stretching and yawning, and all prepare to scamp off, barking in a most excited manner while the benediction is being said.

The congregation of one of these churches determined that the services should close more decorously, and took steps accordingly. When a strange clergyman came there to officiate, he found the people all sitting when he was about to pronounce the benediction. He paused, expecting them to rise, until an old shepherd, looking up to the pulpit, said: "Say awa, sir; we're a-sittin' to cheat the dogs!"—Youth's Companion.

**Service of Aircraft.**  
It cannot be said on the evidence so far furnished by the war that the striking power of aircraft—as distinguished from their use for reconnaissance—has as yet been absolutely vindicated, except perhaps as a means of attacking definite points unassailable by other means, such as ammunition stores and airship sheds in the heart of the enemy country. On the other hand, it would seem that against aeroplanes as distinguished from airships the present methods of attack from the earth are almost negligible.—London News and Leader.

**Something of a Mint.**  
Mr. Slowboy (calling on girl)—"You seem—er—rather distant this evening." Girl—"Well, your chair isn't nailed down, is it?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Last June," commenced another paragraph, "we were in Helsingfors, when one day the baron called me suddenly and told me to prepare for a journey. We were to cross to Stockholm and thence to Hull, where the Iris was awaiting us, for Mr. Leithcourt and Muriel had invited us for a summer cruise to the Greek islands. We boarded the yacht much against my will, yet I was powerless, and dare not allege the facts that I had already established concerning our fellow-guests. Muriel and I, it seems, were taken merely in order to blind the shore-guards and customs officials as to the real nature of the vessel, which went safely out of the channel, was repainted and renamed the Lola, until her exterior presented quite a different appearance from the Iris.

"The port of Leghorn was our first place of call, and for some reason we ran purposely upon a sandbank and were towed off by Italian torpedo boats. Next evening you came on board and dined, Muriel and myself having strict orders not to show ourselves. We, however, watched you, and I saw you pick up my photograph which I had that day torn up. Then immediately after you had left Woodroffe, Chater and Mackintosh went ashore and were away a couple of hours in the middle of the night. Just before they returned the baron rapped at the door of my cabin saying that he must go ashore, and telling me to dress and accompany him. He would never allow me the luxury of a maid, fearing, I suppose, that she might learn too much. In obedience I rose and dressed, and when I went forth he told me to get my traveling cloak and dressing bag, adding that he was compelled to go north, as to continue the cruise would occupy too much time. He was due back at his official duties, he said. As soon as I had finished packing, the three men returned to the vessel, all of them looking dark-faced and disappointed. Woodroffe whispered some words to the baron, after which I went to Muriel's cabin and wished her good-bye, and we went ashore, taking the train first to Colle Salvetti, thence to Pisa, and afterwards to the beautiful old city of Siena, which I had so longed to see. One of my teeth gave me pain, and the baron, after a couple of days at the Hotel de Senne, took me to a queer-looking little old Italian—a dentist who, he said, enjoyed an excellent reputation. I was quick to notice that the two men had met before, and as I sat in the chair and gas was given to me I saw them exchange meaning glances. In a few moments I became insensible, but when I awoke an hour later I was astounded to feel a curious soreness in my ears. My tongue, too, seemed paralyzed, and in a few moments the awful truth dawned upon me. I had been rendered deaf and dumb!

"The baron pretended to be greatly concerned about me," it went on, "but I quickly realized that I had been the victim of a foul and dastardly plot, and that he had conceived it, fearing lest I might speak the truth concerning the Privy Councillor Polovostoff, for of exposure he lived in constant fear. To encompass my end would be against his own interests, as he would lose my fortune, so he had lured me lest I should reveal the terrible truth concerning both him and his associates. He was not rich, and I have reason to believe that from time to time he gave information as to persons who possessed valuable jewels, and thus shared in the plunder obtained by those on the yacht.

"From Italy we traveled on to Berlin, thence to Petersburg, and back to dreary Helsingfors, journeying as quickly as we could, yet never allowing me opportunity of being with strangers. Both my ears and tongue were very painful, but I said nothing. He was surely a fiend in a black coat, and my only thought now was how to escape him. From the moment when that so-called dentist had ruined my hearing and deprived me of power of speech, he kept me aloof from everyone. The fear that I should reveal everything had apparently grown to haunt him, and he had conceived that the terrible deed of silencing my lips. But the true depth of his villainy was not yet apparent until I was back in Finland.

"On the night of our arrival he called in his son, who had traveled with us from Petersburg, and in writing again demanded that I should marry him. I wrote my reply—a firm refusal. He struck the table angrily with his fist and wrote saying that I should either marry his son or die. Then next day, while walking alone out beyond the town of Helsingfors, as I often used to do, I was arrested upon the false charge of an attempt upon the life of Madame Vakuroff and transported, without trial, to the terrible fortress of Kalana, some of the horrors of which you have yourself experienced. The charge against me was necessary before I could be incarcerated there, but once within, it was the scheme of the governor-general to obtain my consent to the marriage by threats and by the constant terrors of the place. He even went so far as to obtain a ministerial order for my banishment to Saghalien and

brought it to me to Kalana, declaring that if in one month I did not consent he should allow me to be sent to exile. While I was in Kalana he knew that his secret was safe, therefore by every means in his power he urged me to consent to the odious union.

"All the rest is known to you—how Providence directed you to me as my deliverer, and how Woodroffe followed you in secret, and pretending to be my friend, took me with him to Petersburg. He had learned of my fortune from the baron, and intended to marry me himself. But now that all is over it appears to me like some terrible dream. I never believed that so much iniquity existed in the world, or that men could fight a defenseless woman with such double-dealing and cruel ingenuity. Ah! the tortures I endured in Kalana are beyond human conception. Yet surely Oberg and Woodroffe will obtain their well-merited deserts—if not in this world, then in the world to come. Are we not taught by Holy Writ to forgive our enemies? Therefore, let us forgive."

There my silent love's strange story ended. A bald, straightforward narrative that held us all for some moments absolutely speechless—one of the strangest and most startling stories ever revealed.

She watched every expression of my countenance, and then, which I had finished reading and placed my arm tenderly about her slim waist, she raised her beautiful face to mine to receive the passionate kiss I imprinted upon those soft, full lips.

"This, of course, makes everything plain," exclaimed Jack. "Polovostoff was a very liberal minded and upright official who was greatly in the favor of the czar, and a serious rival to Oberg, whose drastic and merciless methods in Finland were not exactly approved by the emperor. The baron was well aware of this, and by ingeniously enticing him on board the Iris he succeeded by handing that small bomb concealed in a cigar—a nihilist contrivance that had probably been seized by his police in Finland—in freeing himself from the rival who was destined to occupy his post."

"Yes," I said with a sigh. "The mystery is cleared up. It is true, yet my poor Elma is still the victim. And I kissed my love passionately again and again upon the lips."

THE END.

**WAR IN THE CARPATHIANS**  
Passes Which the Russians Are Endeavoring to Force Are of Immense Importance.

The Carpathian chain, from south of Krakow to the Rumanian border, runs a distance of 300 miles. Months ago, before the Russian recoil from Bukovina, there was contact along nearly the entire line. Today the armies are in clash on a line of about 120 miles. In the north is Dukla pass, by forcing which the Russians would clear the way to Barfa or Bartfeld, and the railway line leading through the important city of Kassa to Budapest. Thirty miles southeast of Dukla lies Lupkow pass, through which runs the railway from Przemyśl, by way of Meso-Lamorc, toward the Hungarian capital. Fifty miles southeast of Lupkow is Uzsook, the strategic center of the Carpathians, through which comes the railway from Lemberg. Thirty-five miles to the southeast lies Beskid pass, through which the Russians at one time had penetrated as far as Volocz, in Hungary. Midway between Uzsook and Beskid, on the Galician slope of the Carpathians, the German forces sent to brace up the Hapsburg troops have been standing on guard in the vicinity of Kozlowa, where terrific combats took place when yet there was hope of relieving Przemyśl. From Kozlowa the Germans will not attempt to bar the Russian advance through the Uzsook gap. Should the Russians force their way through—and Petrograd has been claiming successes in that region—a march of less than twenty miles will bring them out on the Hungarian plain, while further to the north and south the Carpathian barrier widens out and presents difficult country for a rapid advance. Along the fifty miles from Lupkow to Uzsook the decisive clash will take place.

**Why We Christen Boats.**  
The modern custom of christening vessels is without doubt an adaptation of an ancient custom, just as so many of our other customs and habits have been adapted from ancient ones. The ancients used to place the image of a titular deity at the stern of their vessels, in the tutela, or shrine. Do you remember that the boat mentioned in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts, the boat that carried Paul from Malta to Rome, was "under the sign of Castor and Pollux"? It was, so says Acts.

The ceremony of breaking a bottle of wine on the bow of a new vessel as it is launched is another ancient adapted custom. For the ancients offered a libation to Neptune or Poseidon, who ruled the seas, as they launched their boats.

**Laboratory Gems.**  
Jewelers say that the statements of the chemists as to laboratory gems have been exaggerated in various ways and as a result dishonest dealers often take advantage of the situation. Such dealers may try occasionally to sell an imitation for a real gem, but more common frauds are in making extravagant claims for the imitations.

Rubies and sapphires are declared by the jewelers to be the only gems that are really reproduced in the laboratories with the same chemical composition as the natural stones. Both are gems of the corundum group.

**Complete Understanding.**  
"I understand that you are a great peace advocate, Mr. Dolan?" "I am that," answered Mr. Rafferty. "An' might I inquire what you're going to do to preserve peace?" "I don't have to do anything. Man an' boy I've met about everybody that thinks he's a fighter in this neighborhood. There's none of 'em that won't admit I'm the best man, so what's there to quarrel about?"

**Something of a Mint.**  
Mr. Slowboy (calling on girl)—"You seem—er—rather distant this evening." Girl—"Well, your chair isn't nailed down, is it?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Ready to Say "Good-Night"



The night clothes of little lads and maids, when made for other seasons than winter, do not differ much from those worn by their elders. For little girls, nainsook and batiste and the light muslins are used for the gowns and narrow lingerie laces for trimming. The trimming is simpler, that is, not so much lace is used, and the methods of applying it are less intricate.

With the return of fancy needlework to fashion in the belongings of grown people, it is sure to appear on children's clothes, where it seems more appropriate than any other sort of trimming. The small and dainty patterns in laces are chosen when laces are used.

The little empire gown shown in the picture has a body of narrow lace and fine embroidery. It is sleeveless, with a ruffle of wider val lace finishing the arm eyes. This is a pattern for summer wear and few sleeveless gowns are made for little girls. For between seasons, little models are made with high neck and long sleeves, finished with fancy needlework and

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of a woman who voluntarily wears a Salvation army bonnet.

## A Lovely Negligee of Yellow Crepe



Some of the most beautiful tones of yellow are even more delicious in crepe, it seems, than in any other material. The adorable negligee pictured here, has been made up in all the flowerlike colors: rose, blue, lavender, pink and in pale green, and it is exquisite in all of them, but in light and glowing yellow it is simply a glorious garment.

It is combined with a net-top lace in deep cream color and is very simply cut. Anyone with any knowledge of sewing can undertake to make so simple a pattern. The bodice portion is cut in kimono fashion with sleeves and body in one piece. It is gathered to a narrow soft belting at the waist line. The long plain skirt portion, with hemmed opening down the front, is straight and is also gathered to the belt. The bottom is finished with a three-inch hem.

When the body and skirt have been made and joined at the belt the lace is to be set on. Choose an open mesh pattern and one having a pretty finish at its top edge. The lace should be ten to twelve inches wide, or it may be wider. Gather a ruffle of the lace to be set about the waist line. Turn the

top edge of the lace down about an inch and a half, to form a standing ruffle. When this flounce has been set about the waist, small chiffon roses in light pink, blue and yellow with pale green chiffon leaves, are to be set over it in a row, with one color following another. These roses are important and the negligee would lose character without them.

A width of three or four inches is cut from the top of a length of lace to form the ruffle for the neck and front of the body. The remainder of this length will make the ruffles that are set on to the ends of the sleeves. The narrow, standing ruffle makes a heading and a single chiffon rose in pink, with its little, pale green leaves, is set at the top of each ruffle against the net.

The negligee is worn with a cap to match. It has a small lace plaque at the center of the crown. A puff of crepe is gathered to this and edged with lace. It is drawn up about the face on an elastic band. A few very small chiffon roses are set with bows of narrow satin ribbon in the flounce of lace that falls about the face.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## DISASTERS LAID TO WIRELESS

Possible Explanation of Events That Have Been More or Less of a Mystery.

A well-known scientist recently suggested that the mysterious explosion which destroyed the British battleship, the *Hulwark*, might have been due to the influence of wireless waves. The theory that wireless causes explosions was put forward some time ago by a French engineer. To prove his point, he called attention to the fact that the disaster to the British steamer, the *Volturno*, which was burnt in the Atlantic, took place just on the junction point where the wireless waves from the Eiffel tower and Glace bay meet. The mysterious mine explosion at Senegoudd also occurred on the Clifden-Paris wireless line.

The French engineer also points out that in his opinion wireless has a strange effect on the mind, and he considers that it is for this reason that collisions between ships have greatly increased of recent years. Many of these mishaps have taken place at the

junction of wireless wave routes, and it is said that the wireless so affected the brains of ships' commanders that in critical moments they lost control of their vessels. This theory is confirmed by the fact that birds flying near wireless stations move in an uneasy, agitated fashion, as if their senses were under some strange influence.

**Zeppelins or Spiders?**

A story is told of a young French woman who observed with punctiliousness the wartime precautions ordered by the police.

She kept the shutters closed at nightfall and the curtains pulled down, so that not a speck of light would escape from her apartments. But one night, when reading the newspaper, she said that she had reached the limit.

The newspapers said that if the Zeppelins came all persons must go into the cellars. She told her friends she would not go down into the cellar.

"I do not care a fig for the Zeppelins," she said. "It is no use ask-